

up your mind to disobey my injunction not to let these wines be touched, you should at least have the sense to place a superior quality before these gentlemen. Blockhead, go and get a bottle yellow seal and fresh glasses; and put the olives on the table."

Charles, who was almost as good an actor as his employer, looked crestfallen and contrite. He admitted the justice of the reproof; he ought to have known better; he craved the gentlemen's pardon. He put the olives on the table, and fresh glasses, and then went on his errand.

"Gentlemen," said M. Peyrade, smoothing his ruffled brow, "I hope you will pardon poor Charles. He knew he was disobeying my orders, and that must have confused him. Pray take an olive, and I will show you what real first-class Burgundy means."

The yellow seal was brought and opened. The perfume pervading the room was more strongly pronounced now. The three gentlemen tasted—and tasted—and tasted again. They closed their eyes in the intensity of their delight.

"Ah, Peyrade, you are right!" cried M. Martin enthusiastically. "This is wine! It is nectar fit for the gods. This is Romanée, and no mistake!"

"So it is," acquiesced Peyrade, adding, with charming ingenueness, "How did you find it out?—oh, I see, Charles—"

"No," M. Dufour broke in, with proud consciousness; "I found it out—we all found it out—unaided by Charles. And I think I may venture to pronounce this yellow seal Romanée Conti?"

"Well, I see there is no keeping a secret from judges like you, gentlemen," cried Peyrade admiringly. "Yes, it is Romanée Conti. The fact is, I bought three sorts—that is to say, two sorts—three sorts is a mistake," he continued, with well-acted embarrassment. "Of course, two sorts I mean, the red seal and the yellow."

"Ah, you have only two sorts, have you—only two?" said M. Ducoudray slowly, and with an inquisitorial glance meant to pierce the host right through. The prefect fancied that he was, in vulgar parlance, smelling a rat. "Now look here, Peyrade, I swear you have three sorts. No, no; I take no denial, man," as Peyrade made signs of denegation; "I know 'tis a fact. Now what objection can you possibly have to our having a taste of the *bonne bouche*? Come, let's have a bottle of the third sort."

"Well, gentlemen, I see it is no use trying to deceive you. It was an unlucky slip of the tongue. The truth is, I was afraid you'd want to buy some; I must tell you categorically that my third sort, my green seal, is not for sale. It happens to be *première tête*, and I doubt whether the like of it is to be found in any cave within a hundred leagues round. I could not conscientiously charge more than six louis a dozen—here I dropped the *Censeur* in sheer amazement. Heavens! ten francs a bottle! and I knew the cost of production could not possibly exceed two francs—"and the article," he continued, with calm assurance, casting a glance of warning in my direction, "is safe to double its value in three or four years at the most. So, gentlemen, let it be distinctly understood, pray, that I shall have the honour to treat you to a couple of bottles of my green seal Romanée Conti, *première tête*, and that you will not ask me to sell you any of it. On this condition alone, let it be distinctly understood, I repeat, I'll go and fetch a couple of green seal bottles myself, as the bins are locked, and I never part with the key to any one. Eat a few olives meanwhile. Charles, come along with me."

When master and man entered again, each bore an elegant silver wine-cradle, in which reposed a most ancient-looking bottle, sealed with equally ancient-looking green wax. With due solemnity the cradles were placed on the table. Large glasses were brought.

Upon Peyrade's special invitation, courteously indorsed by M. Dufour, to whom I was personally well-known, I joined *le cercle des buveurs*, and Charles also was easily prevailed upon to give us the benefit of his well-known judgment.

When the first cork was drawn, a perfect nose-gay of perfumes took possession of our olfactory organs, and when we put our glasses to our lips there was a general delighted "Ah!" in which I joined heartily and sincerely. The wine was in fact a most perfect success, and if I had not happened to know better, I should myself have sworn it was Romanée Conti, and *première tête* to boot!

When we had discussed the two bottles, M. Dufour suddenly remembered that he had something most particular and important to say to M. Peyrade, whom he invited accordingly to grant him a few minutes in private.

When the two gentlemen had withdrawn, M. Martin said, turning to the prefect, "I lay a wager that sly old fox Dufour is talking Peyrade out of a hundred or so of this glorious Romanée. If he succeeds I am determined to have a go in for it too." "And so shall I," cried the prefect; "and Peyrade will find it rather difficult to refuse me, I know. Why, it is dirt cheap at one hundred and twenty francs the dozen."

Well, the two gentlemen were away for full twenty minutes. When they came back Peyrade looked flushed and slightly annoyed, whilst Dufour wore a satisfied smile on his face. So we at once knew how the land was lying, and the prefect and the mayor both joined in a

most determined onset on the proprietor of the place, and of the incomparable Romanée Conti; and they never left off until they had, despite his most solemn protestations and most earnest denials, prevailed upon him to cede to each of them, at the moderate price of one hundred and twenty francs a dozen, twenty dozen of the coveted article, which, with the twenty dozen extorted from him by M. Dufour, made up the respectable figure of seven hundred and twenty bottles out of a grand total of three thousand.

Peyrade pathetically entreated the three gentlemen not to mention the affair to any one, which they promised of course. He knew human nature well. Was it at all likely they would keep dark about their good fortune? So before the evening of that self-same day had travelled far towards night we had M. de Merlat and M. Vautrinier, two large landed proprietors in the Rhone department, drop in, quite accidentally of course, but with their soul set upon Romanée Conti; and before the next day had run its course, successive visits of M. Broleman, M. de Cazenove, Count des Guidi, the great homœopathist, the Hahnemann of France, and the jovial Abbé Pallet, the domestic chaplain of the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, and purveyor and superintendent-general of his eminence's kitchen and cellar, had induced Peyrade to dispose to these gentlemen of the entire remainder of the stock, including even the yellow and red seals, and accordingly also my own promised five dozen, for which five hundred francs were handed to me by the delighted Peyrade, who soon after also kept his promise of giving me a free trip to Marseilles. Charles had a magnificent diamond breastpin presented to him by his grateful employer.

So you see this vinous tricolor turned out a good thing for me also. *Tempi passati—Eheu!*

SIXTEEN MELODIES.

It was only a few weeks ago that we had occasion to make reference to the literary merits of El Conde de Premio Real, Consul General of Spain at Quebec, and urge his claims to recognition among the cultivated classes of the Dominion. These claims are enhanced by the production of a musical album containing sixteen charming melodies set to English, French, Spanish and Italian words. We have gone through this collection with an interest derived from a knowledge of the fact that, although the author is not a professional musician, having been constantly engaged in diplomatic and other official duties connected with his high birth and rank, he has cultivated the beautiful art with assiduity from an early age and made it one of the ornaments of his leisure. The first quality which we have observed in these melodies, and one that will commend itself to most of our musical readers, is that they are of simple construction and easy execution. The melody is always clearly defined, but never strained, and while the piano accompaniments are correct, they present no technical difficulties. One of the finest pieces is in naturals and several are in B flat.

The volume opens, as is proper, with a melody which may be said to give the key to the whole. It is entitled "Alone." The cadenza and closing phrases in refrain are full of feeling. "Constancy" (No. III) is in a severer style, but easy and simple and sure to become a favourite. The unconventional words are:

With thoughts of love my heart was filled,
Thine eyes enkindled soft desire
Thy lips the purest sweets distilled,
Thy glances beamed with heavenly fire;
But now, alas! fate has bereft me
Of thy sweet presence, and I mourn,
Yet, oh! believe, since thou hast left me,
For thee alone my heart doth burn.

No IV is a lullaby quite brief and easy, but quaint and fitting aptly to that style of composition. "Dreams" or *Suenos* (No. VI) is delicate and pretty, while the English words are appropriate:—

The gentle breeze now softly sighing
Blends with the song of nightingale,
And to their nests the birds are flying,
And richest scents perfume the vale;
Oh! what an hour for lovers' meeting,
I'm waiting for thee'neath the shade,
Then come to me with fondest greeting,
And we will stray, love, though the glade.

While a vein of romance and a sentiment of love in all its phases—we suspect that the Count is a bachelor—run through all these compositions, we should commend as real love-songs "Thy Bright Eyes," *Tus Lindos Ojos* (No. VIII), "Maravilla" (No. X) and "Thy Charms," *Tus Prendas* (No. XV). Some will prefer the more sprightly "Believe Me" (No. XIV), or the more languishing strains of "Love's Anguish," *Penas de Amor* (No. II). We have no space to notice each in detail, and before concluding will only call attention to the lovely waltz, set to French words, called "Espagne," full of local light and color. To the sound of guitar and castanet, how sweet the ditty:

J'aime vos rivières
Aux soirs senteurs,
J'aime vos ombrages
Parfumés de fleurs;
J'aime davantage
La franche gaieté,
J'aime du village
La pure liberté.

We must not forget, either, the gem of the whole work, placed at the end, "I Will Love Thee Ever" *Siempre te amare*, which was played and sung with orchestral accompaniment, on the occasion of the funeral service of Queen Mercedes,

at Quebec, last summer. The effect is said to have been most touching. We may not close without warmly commending this collection of melodies to our readers as worthy of being laid upon their pianos. They are put forth in the best style of engraving by the well-known publisher, Arthur Lavigne, of Quebec, and the rates of sale are much below the average of sheet music. We trust that neither he nor the distinguished composer will have reason to complain of a want of appreciation or encouragement on the part of the Canadian public.

HEARTH AND HOME.

MANNERS.—Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them in a great measure the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, and now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarise or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and colour to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.

"Now" is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of Time. "Now" is the watchword of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in our mind; and, whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might, remembering that "now" is the only time for us. It is indeed a sorry way to get through the world, by putting off till to-morrow, saying "then" I will do it. No; this will never answer. "Now" is ours; "then" may never be.

SELF-RELIANCE.—There is no reason why a man should be less dexterous with his fingers than a woman; therefore the little men of the household may be introduced to the work-basket, and taught to mend and sew on buttons, to their advantage in after-life. An aid to self-reliance may be found in the idea of the dignity of labour. Strive to impress on children that the only disgrace attaching to honest work is the disgrace of doing it badly. "Who sweeps a room as to God's praise makes that and the action fine," says a wise singer. Thus you get the moral influence of self-reliant effort.

Few men respect girls who are ready to be wooed. The custom prevalent among a certain class of young ladies of asking, directly or indirectly, the attentions of young gentlemen, is not an admirable custom. "My son," said a lady to us, not long since, "is much prejudiced against a young girl, whom I admire, because she is constantly sending him notes, inviting him to be her escort here and there, and planning to have him with her." A modest, dignified reserve, which is neither prudery nor affectation, should distinguish your manner to gentlemen. Too great familiarity and too evident pleasure in the society of young men are errors into which no delicate and pure-minded girl should fall, if they desire to retain the respect of the opposite sex.

THE BASIS OF SUCCESS.—A man's success in life depends more upon his character than upon his talents or his genius. The word "character" comes from a term which means to engrave upon or to cut in. Character is that inner substantial and essential quality which is wrought into the very soul, and makes a man what he actually is. Therefore, if a man's character is good, he is sound and safe; but, if his character is bad, he is unsound and unsafe. A man of upright character, even though he may not be intellectually brilliant, will almost surely work his way in the world and achieve an honourable position. On the other hand, a man who is destitute of character, or whose character is bad, though he may have great talents, is apt to waste his life in one way or another, and at last become a wreck.

LOVERS who propose to enter the temple of Hymen should not dally too long in the vestibule. This is a progressive age, and there can be no progress in courtship beyond a certain point. When the parties to the affair have arrived at the conclusion that they were "made for each other," and cannot be happy apart, the sooner they become "one and inseparable" the better. Anti-nuptial affection is as mobile as quicksilver, and when it has reached its highest point, the safest policy is to merge it in matrimonial bliss. Otherwise it may retrograde. Very long courtships often end in a back-out on one side or the other—the retiring party being in most cases "inconsistent man." And we would hint to that unreliable being, that he has no right to dangle with an estimable woman for years without any fixed intention of marrying her. The best thing a lady can do under such circumstances is to bring matters to a focus, by asking the point-no-point gentleman *what* he means, and *when*. She can either do that or dismiss him altogether. Perhaps the latter plan would in most instances be the better one; for a man who is slow to matrimony is generally slow in all concerns of life.

It is hard for a young mother, who has not yet overcome the wayward tendencies of her own youthful nature, to realize the influence she exerts over her little ones. She is constantly surrounded by critical imitators, who copy her morals and her manners. As the mother is, so are her sons and daughters. If a family of children are blessed with an intelligent mother who

is dainty and refined in her manners, and who does not consider it necessary to be one woman in the drawing-room and an entirely different person in her every-day life, but who is a true mother, and who is always a tender, charming woman, you will invariably see her habits of speech and her perfect manners repeated in her children. Great, rough men, and noisy, busy boys, will always tone down their voices, and step quietly, and try to be more mannerly, when she stops to give them a kind word and a pleasant smile—for a true woman will never fail to say and to do all the kind, pleasant things she can that will in any way help to lift up and cheer those whose lives are shaded with care and toil. The mother of to-day rules the world of to-morrow. Think of it, dear sisters, and guard well your home treasures.

VARIETIES.

A REPORT.—The most amiable, popular, unlucky, and impecunious of viscounts, who recently made arrangement with certain creditors, strolled, writes a contemporary, into a club a few days since. There he came upon several friends, among whom was the almost equally popular scion of the house of Rothschild. The viscount was asked by one of them whether he had won or lost. "Oh, lost, of course!" he replied, and, slapping the Rothschild scion on the back, he continued archly, "These tradesmen are the only ones that win." Young Rothschild replied quietly, "Don't call us tradesmen, or you'll be paying us a shilling in the pound."

A GOOD STORY.—A good story comes from Edinburgh about that genial Grecian Professor Blackie. One day, shortly before the close of the past session, the Professor, being through some cause prevented from lecturing, there was posted on the Greek class-room door a notice to this effect: "Professor Blackie regrets he is unable to-day to meet his classes." A waggish student, spying this, scraped out the initial letter of the last word of the sentence, and made it appear "as if the Professor was regretful at his inability to meet those fair specimens of humanity familiarly known outside the College quadrangle as the 'lasses.'" But who can joke with Blackie? The keen-eyed old man, noticing the prank that had been played on him, quietly erased another letter, and left the following to be read by whom it might concern: "Professor Blackie regrets he is unable to meet his asses."

THE HOUSEHOLD COLUMN.—In their way "Household Departments" are very good adjuncts to a newspaper when edited by a woman; but the male journalist who dabbles with the heaven-inspired mysteries of cooking runs, says a Californian paper, a frightful risk. The editor of the *Weekly Petaluma Peavine* started a column of that kind recently, and a few days afterwards a fierce-looking female came into the office, carefully concealing some object behind her apron. "Are you the man that published that new and improved way to make currant-cake?" He said he was. "You said to mix washing-soda with the flour, and stir in a little corn meal and sweet oil to give it consistency!" "I—I—believe so." "And to add fifteen eggs and some molasses, and two ounces of gum arabic, and set in a cool place to bake?" "I think that was it." "Well, take that then!" And the indignant housewife knocked him down with a weapon that felt like a sand-club, but which he believed in his heart must have been a half-baked hunk of cake constructed on the *Peavine* pattern.

Mr. L., a member of the Northern Circuit, well-known for his joking propensities, was, after much persuasion, induced to join the Inns of Court Volunteers. While drilling one day with the "Devil's Own," says *Truth*, the order was given to "double." When "halt" was ordered, this gentleman's rear-rank man slightly prodded him with his bayonet. Mr. L. threw himself upon the ground and roared for the ambulance, declaring that he was "wounded." His corporal in vain attempted to soothe him and to induce him to regain his legs. His only answer was that he was "wounded," and he demanded to be carried off in the ambulance. Then up came the captain of the company to see what the hullabaloo was about. To the plaintive request for the ambulance he gave an angry and contemptuous refusal. Whereupon Mr. L., with solemn and virtuous indignation, rose to his feet, threw down his rifle, and thus unburdened his mind—"I came here to play soldiers, and if you won't play the game properly, I won't play at all." And he marched off amid a roar of sympathising laughter.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.